

Study Buddies by enbyinthesun

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Alternate Universe - College/University, Bisexual Steve Harrington, Blow Jobs, Fluff and Smut, Gay Billy Hargrove, Hand Jobs, Harringrove, Implied/Referenced Abuse, M/M, Post-Season/Series 03, Praise Kink

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2021-04-13

Updated: 2021-04-13

Packaged: 2022-04-01 01:56:25

Rating: Mature

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 3,029

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Steve and Billy are friends now, sort of. Enough for Billy to willingly show up at the Harrington household to help Steve study. Maybe he gets a reward in return for lending a helping hand.

Study Buddies

Author's Note:

We're all aware that when Steve invites someone over to "study" that he has no intention of actually studying, right? I don't really know if this counts as a college au, but I tagged it as such anyway because I like to party. This is a very short post s3 fic that I wrote in, like, an afternoon, but I hope you enjoy it nonetheless!

"Y'know, you're more than welcome to stay the night. I, ah, can't thank you enough for helping me study."

Steve was peeking at Billy over his notebook. He'd taken a plethora of notes for his Social Sciences course, which wasn't too terribly hard of a class in and of itself. Steve just had a short attention span and his handwriting looked like chicken scratch.

Even more so next to Billy's, which filled some if not most of the pages.

"It's not like I had anything better to do with my Friday night," Billy tutted. He tapped his pen against Steve's notebook expectantly, cap slightly chewed. "Lemme see what we're working with."

It had been somewhat of a surprise to learn that Billy was proficient in all of his classes back in high school. When Steve really, *really* thought about it, though, it wasn't much of a surprise at all.

As Billy pointed to a misspelled word in Steve's notes, he couldn't help but look at the marks that puckered the delicate skin on the inside of his wrist. Small, circular burns, muddled together and still a blossoming pink against his tanned skin.

Steve found himself focusing on whether or not he'd ever seen Billy's father smoke rather than listening to whatever lecture he was being given at the moment.

Turns out, that word was misspelled more than once, even in the title of his notes. Large red lines were drawn through all of them, the correct spelling written overtop as though this were an essay rather than a collection of notes.

"Are you listening to me, shithead?" Billy snapped.

"Mm."

"Doesn't seem like it." A stern gaze bored into Steve then, and the notebook was tossed down on the mattress. "Looks like you're all set with the major plot points of that novel. You just need to add more details when you do the actual book report, like themes and whatever."

Steve couldn't do anything but nod. Billy shifted on the bed, glancing out the window at the pool. It was too cold this time of year to go swimming. Too cold to do much of *anything* outside, actually. It made Steve quirk an eyebrow at Billy's choice of clothes.

The guy hated wearing normal clothes, apparently, and opted for tops that showcased his abs or his arms or all of the above.

If he even *bothered* to wear a shirt.

When Billy moved off the bed, Steve snatched his wrist. He did so gently, but the action was abrupt enough to make Billy's eyebrows draw together and his shoulders tense. Steve immediately released him.

"I was serious — about you spending the night. It's late, you live across town, and..." Steve trailed off, rubbing the back of his neck and looking away. "You'd be better off if you just stayed."

Billy seemed to be weighing his options when Steve glanced up at him, his lips pressed into a thin line as he stared at the plaid wallpaper. After what seemed like a few long beats of silence, he sighed.

Steve let his shoulders relax when he sat back down on the bed. Half of what he said was true — Billy's house was kind of far, the sun was beginning to set, and supernatural mishaps seemed like they were

constantly happening in Hawkins these days.

He thought of Barbara, how she went missing and turned up dead in another dimension. Nancy was broken up about it for the better part of two years. If that were to happen to Billy, Steve didn't know what he would do.

"I guess I better hang out in your room as much as I can before you move out," Billy said with a chuckle.

He laid back, slipping his hands under his head in a makeshift pillow. Steve gathered his school stuff and dropped the textbooks on the floor next to his bed.

"Like you're not gonna be bumming around my apartment after I get moved in," Steve teased.

"Beats going home. When're you moving out, anyway?"

"Hopefully this weekend."

Fading sunlight peered through the window, casting a golden glow over Billy's figure. He looked dazzling, and dare Steve say *beautiful* with his unblemished complexion and long eyelashes.

"Well, the only jobs I've ever had consisted of manual labor and lifeguarding, so let me know if you need me to come do the heavy lifting," Billy lilted.

He glanced over at Steve with a smirk, pushing a hand through his hair. Steve nodded and huffed a laugh to fill the silence. His eyes found their way back to Billy's wrist.

Something foul curled in the pit of his abdomen when he looked at those burns.

"I'm uh... I'm sorry about grabbing you. Sometimes I forget you don't like to be touched," said Steve.

Sky blue eyes fixed on him then, Billy's expression nothing short of amused as he chuckled. Easy. Pretty, like waves as they crashed against rocky beaches and retreated back out to sea.

"I don't mind being touched. Just have to remind myself who's doing the touching sometimes."

Steve nodded. He leaned back against the headboard, glancing out the window at the pinkish light cascading between the trees and wringing his hands together.

He wanted to say something, but no words came out. Billy was spending the night. There was no way he was going to ruin it and scare him off by being too honest.

But... What was honest about this?

He'd invited him here under the guise of needing help with his classes, which was only *partly* true. Billy might not have come if Steve just asked him to hang out.

Or would he have?

Things were better between them now. Things were *good*, actually. Good enough for Steve to smile and wave when he saw Billy in town instead of duck down a different aisle of the supermarket. Hoping to avoid conflict.

"Remember the first time I came over to help you study?" Billy asked.

Steve brought his attention back to the present. He smiled when he noticed the corners of Billy's mouth quirk upward.

"Mhm. We were both still scraped up from that fistfight at the Byers' house. I was worse off than you were, though," Steve reminisced with a chuckle.

"I don't think I ever apologized for smashing that plate over your head."

"Wasn't *my* plate."

Both of them snickered at that, and Steve toyed with the end of his pant leg. He noticed Billy watching his hands and for some reason that made his insides feel warm. Like molten lava in a volcano that was about to erupt.

A silence settled, but it wasn't an uncomfortable one. Steve found his eyes fixing on the silhouettes of shadows that may or may not have been there out the window. He thought of the Upside Down, of the kids that seemed to flock to him even when they didn't need protecting, and the bat with nails in it that he always kept in the trunk of his car.

Was this paranoia?

Steve gave a start when he felt Billy's hand on his leg. The touch was gentle, palm flat against his jeans just above his knee. After a moment, he gripped softly, and their eyes met in a knowing look.

"I don't think I'd have an aversion to being touched by *you* ," Billy whispered. He pushed himself up slowly, leaving his hand in place until he was close enough for Steve to smell cigarettes and mint on his breath. "Hell, I might even be lying if I said I didn't enjoy the scrapes we've gotten into. You have a pretty mean right hook, Harrington."

Every word was dripping in honey. Steve chewed his bottom lip. His hand found its way to Billy's shoulder, wrist dangling over the back of his neck and fingers toying with the golden ringlets at his nape.

They lingered impossibly close for what felt like forever. Steve's mouth went dry as Billy tipped his chin up to finally close the distance, kissing Steve abruptly enough for his head to *thunk* against the headboard.

Steve had both arms laced around his neck in seconds while Billy's hands roamed up and down his sides. He'd never really been touched like that before — like he was a *girl* . But Billy clearly wanted dominion over him right now, and he wasn't going to fight it.

Something about this felt so right. Billy on top, rutting against Steve's thigh as his tongue swiped over teeth and eventually licked behind them. Almost too good to be true. Too close to every fantasy Steve's ever had about this exact situation.

Steve took a fistful of Billy's hair and tugged, grounding himself and assuring that Billy was really *there* when he swallowed the moan

from the blond's lips. Crisp. Filthy. Absolutely *euphoric* .

"Y'know, even though my dad calls me a fag all the time, I bet he'd shit his fucking pants if he saw this," Billy chuckled.

Rather than continuing to kiss Steve's lips, he moved down to his jaw, and to his neck, where he began to suck a bruise to the surface of his skin. Mouth hot as the rest of him.

"Honestly, fuck your dad," Steve huffed.

Billy gave an amused hum as he lapped at Steve's skin. A broken moan slithered its way up his throat, and Billy chuckled again.

"I'd rather fuck *you* ."

"Tempting," Steve admitted. He grasped Billy's shoulders, pushing him back a few inches. The blond stopped and gave Steve an inquisitive look. "I just... I've never..."

Billy smirked and bit his lip, stifling a laugh as he set a hand on Steve's hip.

"Oh man, are you telling me that *King Steve* is a virgin? All this time I thought—"

"No, no, it's not *that* . I've just never, y'know, been with another guy," Steve confessed. Billy's mouth rounded into an apprehensive *oh* shape. "I'm not even really sure how it works."

Billy nodded sympathetically and leaned into another kiss. This one was quick, succeeded by a few more before Billy spoke again.

"I could teach you sometime. But for now... how about something simple?"

Steve huffed as one of Billy's hands left his hip and began to palm at his crotch through his jeans. Gripping the head of his dick and making Steve arch into the touch. He uncrossed his legs as Billy tugged his pants down around his thighs, cock springing free, comically hard and leaking.

The look on his face was amused as he wrapped strong fingers around it, encircling the head with his thumb and wiping away a thick tear of precum as he did. Billy pumped it lazily a couple of times and Steve responded with a needy whine.

"You've done this before?" Steve breathed.

Billy shifted on his knees and leaned down between Steve's hips, taking the head of his cock into his mouth and swirling his tongue around it. The brunet's breath hitched.

That was a very pointed yes .

Sure, Steve might've imagined what this would look like all those times that Billy would stick the cap of his pen in his mouth. He'd suck on it and tap it against his pretty lips when he was focussing particularly hard. But Billy's mouth was a lot hotter than he'd imagined.

And his lips look perfect stretched in an O like that. Still pouty and red from kissing.

He swallowed Steve further, dragging his tongue along his length as he pushed farther than Steve thought he would go. Farther than any girl had ever gone down on him before.

When Billy reached the base, he began to bob his head and hum deeply at the back of his throat. Steve panted softly, pushing his fingers through Billy's curls and watching the tears as they sprang to his eyes. Marveling at the way his throat opened up around him.

"Mmm, *fuck* ," Steve groaned.

He thought back to high school, how Billy had been such an asshole and provoked him at every turn. Now he was gobbling Steve's dick in the comfort of his bedroom. A place he never would've invited Billy into a couple of years ago.

That wasn't as jarring as it should have been. He felt a bit hot under the collar the very first time he met Billy at that Halloween party, though he didn't recognize the feeling at the time. There was too much on his mind back then, and he was already a little drunk.

Not to mention he was having to manage Nancy, who couldn't handle her alcohol.

Billy began to move faster, gripping at the meaty flesh of Steve's thighs. Steve didn't stifle the cry that slid up his throat as he came. Billy did good to swallow most of it, some of it dribbling down his chin and *damn* if that wasn't the hottest thing *ever* .

He pulled off with a *pop* and smirked at Steve deviously before he swiped his thumb over the mess on his chin and sucked it off like frosting from a cupcake. Steve was never more glad that his parents always skipped town than right now.

Thank you , he thought. *That was the best head I'm ever gonna get* .

The bed frame creaked as Billy laid next to him. Still grinning like the cocky bastard he was. Steve had put himself away and was looking at the wall rather sheepishly. Like Nancy did the first time they had sex in this very room.

"That was..."

"Good? I know," Billy teased. "Quicker than I would've thought, though."

Steve chuckled, letting his shoulders relax some. It was hard to ignore the bulge that was still tenting against Billy's thigh, but he doubted he could perform the same service for him. If he tried, it wouldn't be very good, if he had to guess.

"It's been a while, alright?" He drummed his fingers against his thigh, still feeling the burn of Billy's skin on his. "Do I need to...?"

Steve gestured vaguely at Billy's crotch, which made him snort.

"If you think you're up to the task, pretty boy."

He tsked and laid down at Billy's side, trying to think of ways to prove that Steve wasn't a total waste of time. Ways to make Billy come crawling back for more. After a moment of hasty deliberation, Steve began kissing at his neck, trailing down to his collarbone and lingering there.

"I can't suck you off, I'll admit, but I'm pretty well-known for being good with my hands," Steve cooed.

His fingers trailed down Billy's abdomen, swiftly undoing his belt and popping the button open on his jeans. The cock he fished out was thick and *curved* and Steve swallowed thickly.

"You sure? I've seen you on the basketball court, Harrington, and I wasn't very impressed."

"That's not very *nice* ."

Steve's lips ghosted over his neck, and Billy sucked in a breath when he nipped at his skin. He stroked him slowly. Fist quickly becoming slick with precum.

"Mhm, you'd be surprised by how often I hear that," Billy hummed.

"Probably not as much as you think. Now, why don't you be a good boy for me?"

Billy's cock gave a kick at that, and Steve smiled as he bit a red mark into his skin. The blond fell silent, save for the various muffled groans that left his lips as Steve picked up the pace, the sloppy sounds of his efforts becoming a little obscene.

He trailed kisses back up Billy's neck and blew softly at his ear, which had him shivering and bucking his hips.

"Do you like it when I touch you?" Steve crooned.

Billy huffed, pushing himself further into Steve's hand with each pull.

"Yes."

"Maybe I should do it more often, then." He smiled when he noticed how blotchy Billy's skin was. Red and beaten to death by Steve's tongue by now. "I can give you *good* touches. You could come stay with me at my apartment, and we wouldn't need to use study sessions as an excuse to see each other."

"Mmh, like... like, move in?" Billy grunted.

"Yeah. We'd have more time to get better... *acquainted* ."

Steve nuzzled into his neck as Billy finally came. Inhaling his musky scent and letting him ride through the high of his orgasm with Steve whispering words of praise in his ear.

"So good for me," Steve concluded in a hushed tone.

He pressed one last kiss to Billy's cheek before he slid off the bed, retrieving a damp rag from the bathroom across the hall and wiping Billy down. His skin was still flushed, ears burning red as Steve rejoined him on the bed.

Billy stared up at the ceiling for a moment. The cogs in his head were evidently turning as he wet his lips and folded his hands over his chest. Eyebrows drawing together and completing the puzzled look.

"If you're fucking with me, Harrington, I swear—"

"You think I'm *looking* to get another plate smashed over my head?"

Steve snorted and patted a hand on Billy's shoulder, which made him smile. A new light shone in his eyes, and Steve wondered what he was thinking. They laid there for a while like that, merely inches apart, until Steve hesitantly reached over and cupped Billy's cheek.

He turned his face and met his gaze, swiping his thumb softly back and forth over his skin and smiling at the way Billy seemed to melt under his touch. Leaning into it like he was dying for more.

"So, this weekend," Billy began. He rolled over on his side, facing Steve now. "I grab all *my* shit and then I come grab all *your* shit, and we're home free?"

"Sounds like a plan. Y'know, I've been waiting, like, three years to do this."

"To move out? Doesn't—"

"No, dickhead, to make a move on you."

Billy scoffed and playfully batted Steve's hand away.

"If I recall correctly, *I* made a move on *you* ," Billy corrected.

"Either way, I got to kiss *Billy Hargrove*. That's one item off my bucket list." The two of them chuckled, and Steve sighed. "This weekend is gonna rock."

"Sure is, pretty boy."